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[Great laughter.] And, sir, I say it, with bowed head and deepest veneration, look at the Mother of Washington!—she raised a boy that could not lie—could not lie—[applause.] But he never had a chance. [Oh!] Oh! It might have been different with him if he had belonged to a newspaper correspondent's club. [Laughter, groans, hisses, cries of "put him out." Mark looked around complacently upon his excited audience and resumed.]

I repeat, sir, in whatsoever position you place a woman she is an ornament to society, and a treasure to the world. As a sweetheart she has few equals and no superiors—[laughter,] as a cousin she is convenient; as a wealthy grandmother, with an incurable temper, she is precious; as a wet nurse she has no equal among men! [Laughter.]

What, sir, would the people of the earth be without woman? \* \* \* \* They would be scarce, sir—almighty scarce! Then let us cherish her, let us protect her, let us give her our support, our encouragement, our sympathy, ourselves, if we get a chance. [Laughter.]

But jesting aside, Mr. President, woman is lovable, gracious, kind of heart, beautiful—worthy of all respect, of all esteem, of all deference. Not any here will refuse to drink her health right cordially in this bumper of wine, for each and every one has personally known, and loved, and honored, the very best one of them all—his own mother. [Applause.]

#### NOTES OF A SINGING LESSON.

BY AN AMATEUR.

Here beginneth chapter the first of a series, To be followed by manifold notes and queries; So novel the queries, so trying the notes, That I think I must have the queerest of throats

And most notable dulness, or else long ago The Signor had given up teaching, I trow. (I wonder if ever before he has taught A pupil who can't do a thing as she ought !)

The voice has machinery (now to be serious), Invisible, delicate, strange and mysterious. A wonderful organ-pipe first we trace, Which is small in a tenor and wide in a bass; Below an Eolian harp is provided, Through whose fairy-like fibres the air will be guided;

Above is an orifice larger or small, As the singer desires to rise or to fall; Expand and depress it to deepen your roar, But raise and contract it when high you would soar.

Alas for the player, the pipes, and keys, If the pipes give out an inadequate breeze ! So this is the method of getting up steam, The one motive power for song or for scream. Slowly, and deeply, and just like a sigh, Fill the whole chest with a mighty supply, Through the mouth only, and not through the nose;

And the lungs must condense it ere further it goes.

How to condense it I really don't know, And very much hope the next lesson will show.)

Then, forced from each side, through the larynx it comes, And reaches the region of molars and gums;

And half of the sound will be ruined or lost If by any impediment here it is crossed. On the soft of the palate beware lest it strike, The effect would be such as your ear would not like;

And arch not the tongue, or the terrified note Will straightway be driven back into your throat.

Look well to your trigger, nor hasten to pull it;

Once hear the report, and you've done with your bullet.

In the feminine voice there are registers three,

Which lower, and middle, and upper must be;

And each has a sounding board all of its own, The chest, lips, and head, to reverberate tone; But in cavities nasal beware lest it ring,

Or no one is likely to wish you to sing. And if on this subject you waver in doubt,

By listening and feeling the truth will come out.

The lips, by-the-bye, will have plenty to do, In forming the vowels Italian and true; Eschewing the English, uncertain and hideous,

With an O and an U that are simply amphibious.

In flexible freedom let both work together, And the under one must not be stiffened like leather.

Here endeth the substance of what I remember,

Indited this twenty-sixth day of November.

FANNY M. HAVERGAL.

#### MUSIC IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

Miss JENNY BUSK'S CONCERT.—It is perfectly safe to say, that the concert of last evening was one of the most thoroughly sumptuous and delightful festivities of the kind that was ever enjoyed by a Washington audience. Miss Busk, with her transcendent melody, completely carried captive the very large and brilliant assemblage.

Her first sweet warblings in "Cantatore—Russian Nightingale," by Alunoff, sent a fascination and fervor through the entire house; and this was but a prelude to the inspirations which were lavished in every performance throughout the entire entertainment. The "Grand Valse," by Venzano, was one of her most brilliant efforts, and in the midst of the greatest enthusiasm, with multiplied floral tributes falling at her feet, she moved gracefully back upon the scene, a goddess of song that she was, and gave "Do not Mingle," from "Somnambula," with the most entrancing sweetness and beauty. One of the most bewitching things of the occasion was in the encore to the superb effort in "Dort Sind Wir Hier," when she tripped over the stage, gave for her response, "Comin' thro' the Rye," and retreated with a tempest of applause. It was, however, in "Bel Raggio Semiramide," by Rossini, that she came out with the greatest richness and completeness of her wonderful powers, astonishing and captivating not less by the marvellous range of her voice and its ineffable purity and tenderness, than in her marvellous execution, and the encore, in which she sang the entrancing Gipsy song from the "North Star," was scarcely less full of angelic inspiration and beauty.

Mr. Hermanns was never more grand and inspiring with his sublime and consummate powers than in the bass aria from the "Huguenots," and it is needless to say that he

was compelled to an encore, which is an invariable result in all his efforts. Perhaps the greatest feature of the evening, however, was his song, "I'm Tieffer Keller," with his encore of "I'm Afloat," in which latter effort, with his not altogether perfect English, he called into memory, by his amusing melody, the recollection of his unapproachable inspirations in *Mephistopheles*.

The violin, which has ever been regarded as the greatest musical instrument ever invented by man, and the only one which has never been improved, has very seldom seemed more celestial in its powers than it did last night in the hands of M. Poznanski.

His fine genius was most delightfully displayed in the brilliant execution of the *fantasie ballet*, a violin solo, by De Beriot. The rich, mellow tones of his extraordinary instrument, with its aeolian sweetness, were a charm and a delight throughout the evening, and the audience lingered to enjoy its unspeakable melody when at the close of the entertainment he was recalled to the stage.

We will not fail to mention his most exquisite execution of the variations in which he touched his instrument with that old, well-known air, "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," with a sweetness and inspiration that sent a thrill and a fervor all over the house. Nor will we omit to speak a single word of his closing performance of "Willie, We Have Missed You," which was so unspeakably full of tenderness and beauty, that the whole audience, arisen to depart, were held spell-bound by the enchantments of the more than magician's wand.

It will be seen that the company have announced a matinee on Saturday afternoon, when we doubt not they will be greeted by a full and fashionable audience.—[From the *National Intelligencer*.]

*Music in Rhode Island.*—The American Brass Band Concert at City Hall (Providence) on Tuesday, January 14th, was a decided success, not in numbers merely, although every seat in the body of the house was occupied, and the standing-room as well as the seats in the gallery; but in everything which makes up a replete and artistic concert, this one in particular, under the *impresario* genius of Reeves, was a musical success. Dr. Guilmette was in full, round voice, and his "King Death," "Figaro," and "Duo" were enthusiastically *encored*. In each case the good nature of the Dr., and his inexhaustible musical folio, responded to the unyielding demands of the audience, with great acceptability. Miss Antonia Henne is a charming vocalist. In "A. H. : S'Estino," her evident embarrassment excited a doubt of her vocal qualities, but improving with each note and line, and closing with a musical mastery of the difficulties surrounding the *début* of a modest and diffident *débutante* in the presence of strangers, she left the stage with the *bravos* and *encore* of her admirers with blushes and tremor, and as before, in a few moments, with a complete mastery, she held the audience in musical rapture. In "Kathleen Mavourneen," she was again *encored*, and in "Dunque io Son," where a greater range of voice was tested, a furious applause and *encore* followed. The Band, as well as the orchestra, were in unquestionably fine tune and harmony, without jar or discord. "Der Weberman's March," the "Amber Witch," and "Test March" were rendered with a smoothness and musical completeness highly creditable